

Dan'l Boone

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CODE


AUTHORITY

GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF ALL

FEB.
NO. 6

10c



[illegible]

Dan'l Boone

HE LOOMED LIKE AN EVIL GIANT OVER THE PERILOUS FRONTIER! THE MERE MENTION OF HIS NAME WAS ENOUGH TO STRIKE FEAR INTO SETTLERS' HEARTS! ONLY **DAN'L BOONE** WAS A MATCH FOR

"SIMON GIRTY WORST OF THE RENEGADES!"



HE WAS CRUELTER THAN THE CRUELLEST SAVAGE!

GIRTY SMILES... GIRTY'S HEART IS FILLED WITH HAPPINESS WHENEVER SETTLERS' CABINS GO UP IN FLAMES!



WHO WAS THIS SIMON GIRTY? WHAT LAY BEHIND THE FIERCE HATRED SEETHING INSIDE HIM...?

AS A CHILD, HE WAS ORPHANED TWICE BY THE INDIANS -

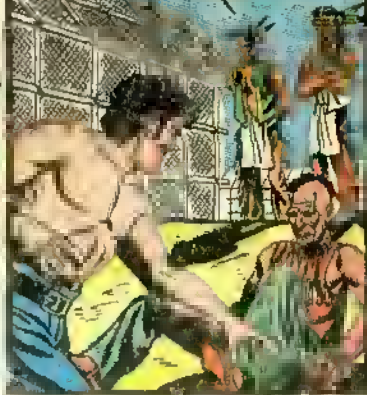
FIRST MY FATHER WENT DOWN IN A RAID... AND NOW MY STEP-FATHER!



THE HATRED HAD BEGUN SEETHING INSIDE HIM! AND IT NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO SUBSIDE - FOR THEN THE SENECAS CAPTURED HIM!

YOUNG PALEFACE BEATS ALL OUR BRAVES IN THE GAMES!

HE WILL BE A MIGHTY WARRIOR!



THE SAVAGERY OF HIS CAPTORS MATCHED HIS OWN! THEIR RESPECT FOR HIS SKILLS MADE HIM FEEL LIKE A GIANT AMONG THEM! BY THE TIME HE WAS A GROWN MAN, THERE WAS NO WARRIOR FIERCER THAN GIRTY IN THE WARS AMONG THE TRIBES!



BUT HE WAS A MAN APART-- NEITHER INDIAN NOR SETTLER!

I'M BETTER THAN YOU BECAUSE I'M SO MUCH SMARTER!

YOU CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO ME WHEN IT COMES TO FIGHTING AND WOODLORE...AND YOU'RE A SNIVELLING SOFT-HEARTED FOOL, EVER YEARNING FOR PEACE!



HE WAS A MAN APART - BUT IT SUITED HIM TO SIDE WITH THE INDIANS FOR THE SHEER JOY HE TOOK IN IN THE HIGH POST HE HELD IN THEIR COUNCILS!

THIS IS WAR! IF WE'RE TO DRIVE THE SETTLERS OUT OF KEN-TA-KEE, WE HAVE TO FIGHT AS ONE BIG ARMY!



WE HAVE TO PLAN OUR RAIDS CAREFULLY-- WORK THEM SO THE SETTLERS ARE KEPT OFF BALANCE! WE'LL WAIT TILL THEY'RE DIZZY WITH SHIFTING REINFORCEMENTS-- AND THEN WE'LL STRIKE WHERE THEY HAVE THE FEWEST MEN!



AND SO THE GIRTY RAIDS STARTED! AND SINCE DAN'L BOONE WAS AWAY ON A LONG-HUNT AT THE TIME, THEY TOOK A HEAVY TOLL!

NOBODY ON THE PARAPET BUT OLD MEN!...UP AND AT THEM!



ALL SURVIVORS WERE DRAGGED BACK TO THE ENCAMPMENTS! THAT MEANT NO SETTLER AT LIBERTY HAD EVER GLIMPSED GIRTY'S FACE! BUT THEN ONE DAY-

WHO'S THAT THEY'RE BRINGING IN?

ONE OF THE GREATEST OF ALL PALEFACE WOODSMEN-SIMON KENTON!



SET THAT MAN FREE!

LOOSEN THE THONGS AS GIRTY HAS ORDERED!



SO YOU'RE SIMON GIRTY! LOOKS LIKE YE'VE GOT A STREAK OF KINDNESS IN YOUR BLACK HEART, AFTER ALL!

KINDNESS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT...



BEING THE FINE WOODSMAN THAT YOU ARE, AND BEARING THE SAME FIRST NAME AS MINE, MAKES YOU A MAN APART! ...I'M SETTING YOU FREE- BUT ONLY TO LEAVE KENTUCKY! STAY ON HERE- AND SIMON GIRTY WILL MAKE YOU PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!



NOT LONG AFTER, DAN'L BOONE RETURNED FROM HIS LONG-HUNT! AND WITH BOONE BACK, THE GIRTY RAIDS BEGAN TO MEET STIFF RESISTANCE!

WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED! BOONE HAS PLACED RIFLEMEN UP IN THE TREES!



YOU ARE A MIGHTY WARRIOR, GIRTY- BUT IN BOONE YOU HAVE MET YOUR MATCH!

NO MAN IS MY MATCH! AND BOONE'S DEATH WILL PROVE IT...



SO NOW GIRTY DEVOTED ALL HIS CUNNING TO SETTING TRAPS FOR THE GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF THEM ALL!

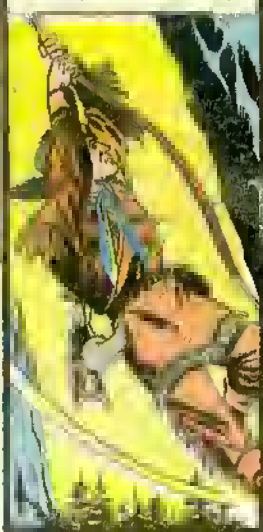
BOONE IS TRAPPED! WITH THE CHASM BEHIND HIM, THERE IS NO PLACE HE CAN GO!



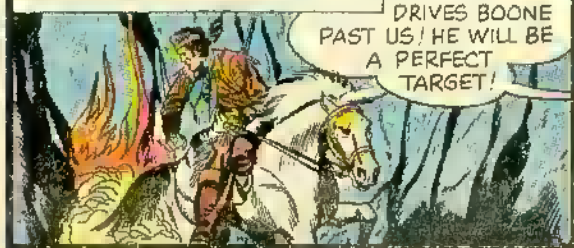
BUT A MAN AS QUICK-
THINKING AS BOONE—



— ALWAYS HAD
SOMEPLACE TO GO!



ANOTHER DAY—ANOTHER TRAP!



BUT BOONE WASN'T A CLEAR TARGET! AND HE
EVEN MANAGED TO SQUEEZE OFF A SHOT
HIMSELF!



YOUR
TRAPS
CANNOT
HOLD
BOONE!

BOONE LEAVES
ME NO CHOICE—
I'LL HAVE TO
GO AFTER HIM
MYSELF!

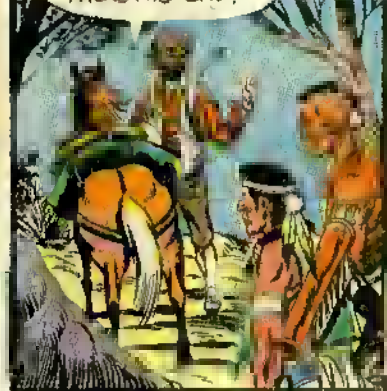


WHY
DO YOU
TAKE
THE
TRINKETS?

THEY BELONG TO THAT
PEDDLER WE CAPTURED!
...WHEN I REACH BOONE'S
SETTLEMENT, THE
SETTLERS WILL THINK
I'M JUST ANOTHER
PEDDLER!



BETTER TURN BACK NOW—THE
SETTLEMENT'S NOT TOO FAR
OFF! NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME,
YOU'LL HEAR HOW BOONE
MET HIS END!



LATER—

WHAT'S THAT?!
SOUNDS LIKE
TROUBLE DOWN IN THE
RAVINE!...



FOREST RUNNERS STOPPING A PACK-TRAIN!... SIMON GIRTY—
YOU'RE PLAYING IN LUCK! FOR NOW YOU'LL BE ENTERING
BOONE'S SETTLEMENT AS A HERO...!



TAKE COVER!... SOMEBODY'S SHOOTIN' AT US FROM THE RAVINE WALL!



TAKING COVER WON'T HELP YOU SCOUNDRELS ANY!



GOOD FIGHTIN', STRANGER!

THOSE AREN'T FISTS - THEY'RE SLEDGEHAMMERS!



WHEN THEY REACHED THE SETTLEMENT -

BOONE - WE WANT YE TO MEET A PEDDLER WHO FIGHTS LIKE A GRIZZLY!

YES, BOONE - COME MEET ME! THE PLEASURE WILL BE ALL MINE...!



I'M RIGHT - GLAD TO CLASP YOUR HAND - WE CAN USE GOOD FIGHTERS OUT HERE. TELL YE WHAT - WHY DON'T YE BUNK DOWN AT MY CABIN? SOON AS I'VE FINISHED AN ERRAND, I'LL BE BACK TO HELP YE SETTLE DOWN!

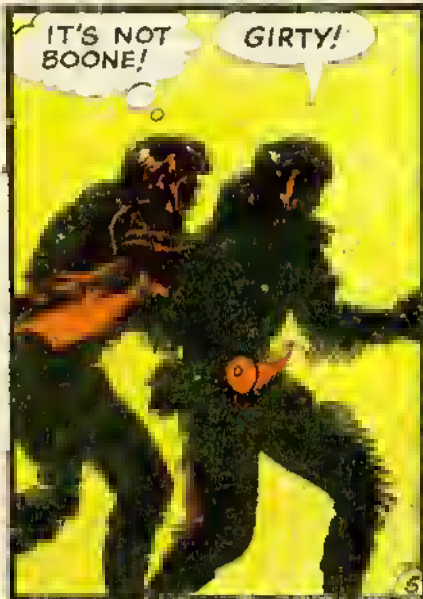


BOONE'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME BUT HERE HE COMES NOW!



IT'S NOT BOONE!

GIRTY!





THEY WERE GIANTS, BOTH OF THEM, WHEN IT CAME TO STRENGTH AND FIGHTING SKILL! FOR A LONG TIME, NEITHER COULD GAIN THE UPPER HAND!



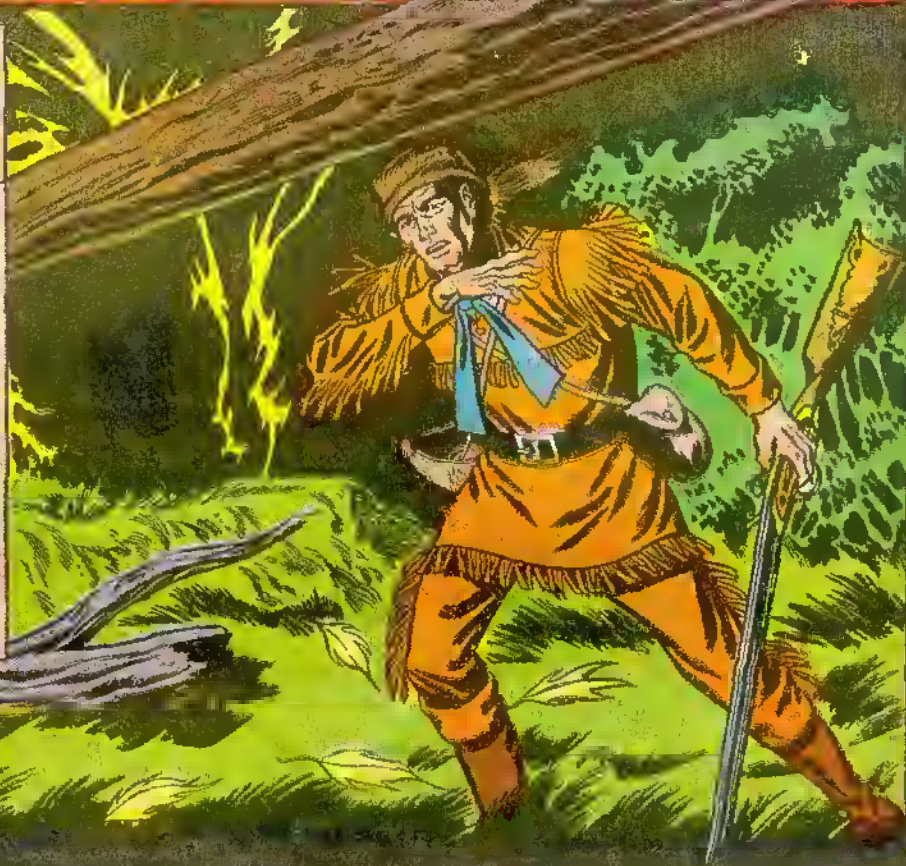
SIMON GIRTY SMILED AS HE LISTENED! HE FELT THEY WERE FOOLS TO LET HIM LIVE! BOONE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GUARD HIM 24 HOURS A DAY! NOBODY ELSE COULD HOLD HIM— HE'D ESCAPE FOR SURE! AS **DAN'L BOONE** TURNED AWAY, GIRTY'S SMILE DEEPENED...!

The End

Dan'l Boone

IT STARTED BACK IN VIRGINIA WITH AN OLD MAN BEING HIT BY A FOOLISH NOTION! BUT IT ENDED OUT ON THE FRONTIER WITH DAN'L BOONE FACING TREACHERY AND PERIL -- ALL BECAUSE OF THE

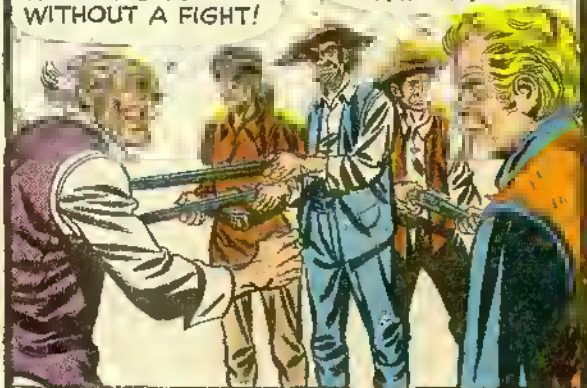
"TEST OF THE WILDERNESS"



ON THE VAST FARM OF AMOS TEMPLER IN YADKIN VALLEY, VIRGINIA --

YOU'RE NO SON OF MINE, ERNEST-- TO STAND BY AND LET THEM ROB US WITHOUT A FIGHT!

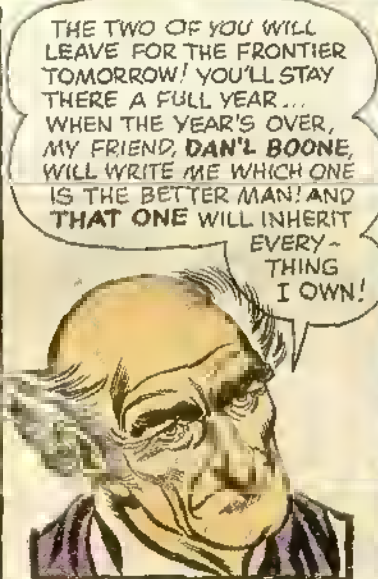
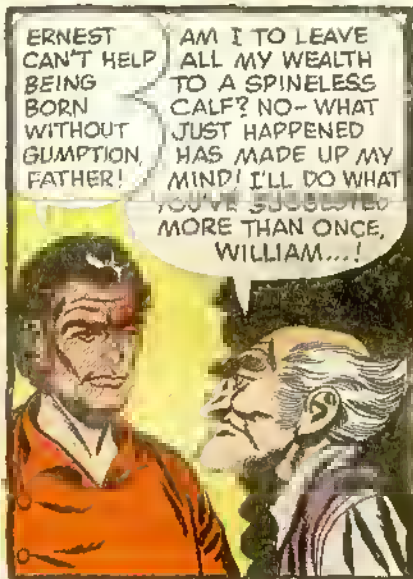
ONLY A FOOL WOULD THROW BARE FISTS AT ALL THOSE RIFLES, FATHER!



I'LL DRIVE THEM OFF, FATHER!

WILLIAM!





IT WAS A LONG TREK THROUGH THE WILDERNESS, BUT AT LAST THE STEP-BROTHERS ARRIVED...





ANYTHIN' I CAN DO FOR YE, STRANGER?

YES-SQUARE OFF! MY FISTS CRAVE SOME EXERCISE!



THIS IS A RIGHT-QUEER WAY TO INTRODUCE YOURSELF!

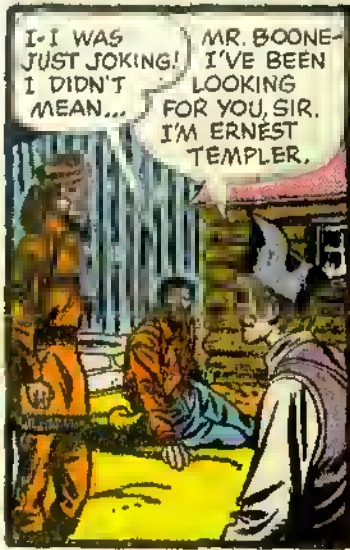


-BUT THIS-HERE FIST OF MINE IS QUICK TO TAKE ON NEW FASHIONS!



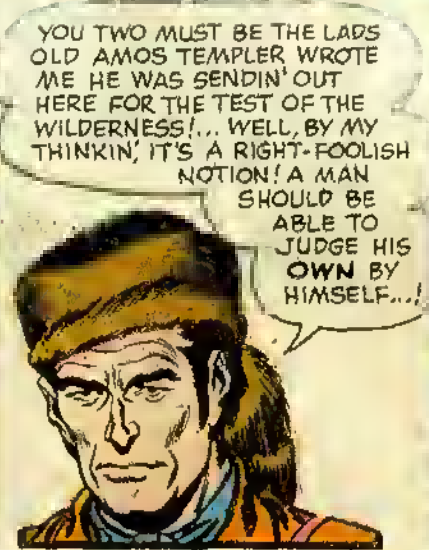
NOW THEN - DAN'L BOONE IS MY NAME!

OH (GROAN) NO!

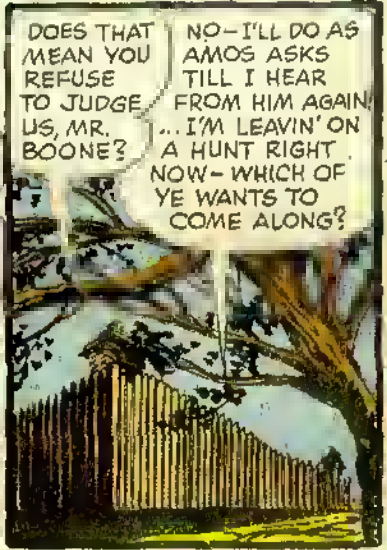


I-I WAS JUST JOKING! I DIDN'T MEAN...

MR. BOONE- I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, SIR. I'M ERNEST TEMPLER.



YOU TWO MUST BE THE LADS OLD AMOS TEMPLER WROTE ME HE WAS SENDIN' OUT HERE FOR THE TEST OF THE WILDERNESS!... WELL, BY MY THINKIN', IT'S A RIGHT-FOOLISH NOTION! A MAN SHOULD BE ABLE TO JUDGE HIS OWN BY HIMSELF...!

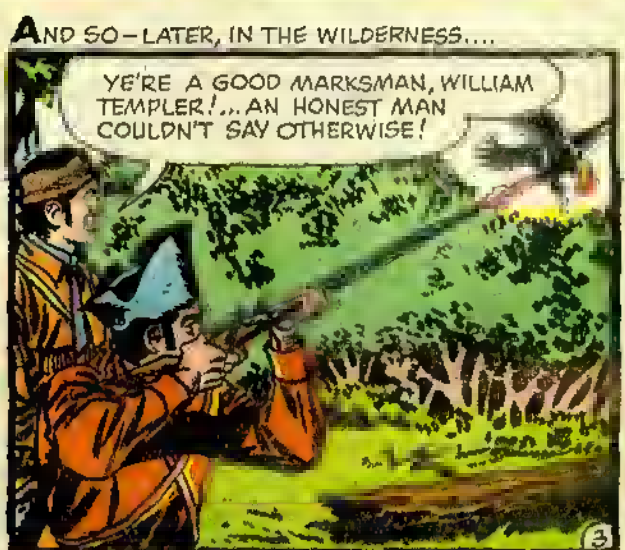


DOES THAT MEAN YOU REFUSE TO JUDGE US, MR. BOONE?

NO-I'LL DO AS AMOS ASKS TILL I HEAR FROM HIM AGAIN! ... I'M LEAVIN' ON A HUNT RIGHT NOW- WHICH OF YE WANTS TO COME ALONG?

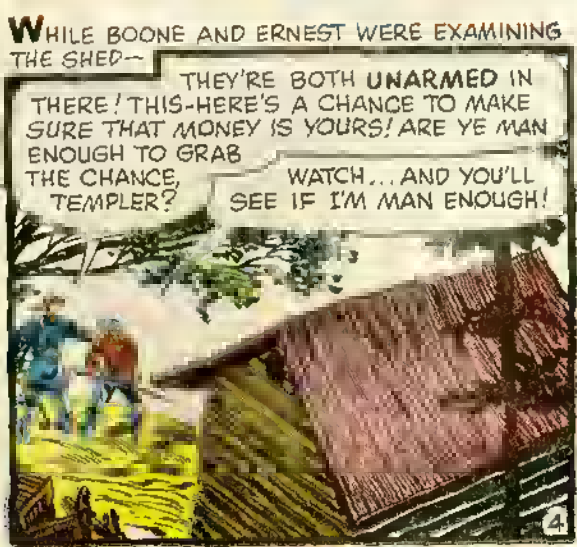
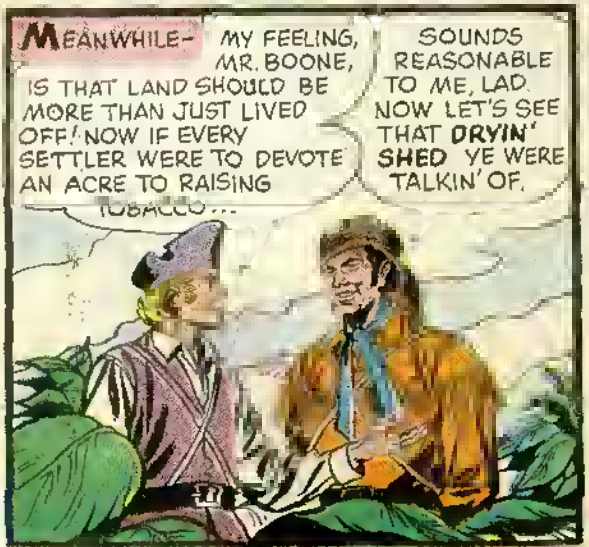
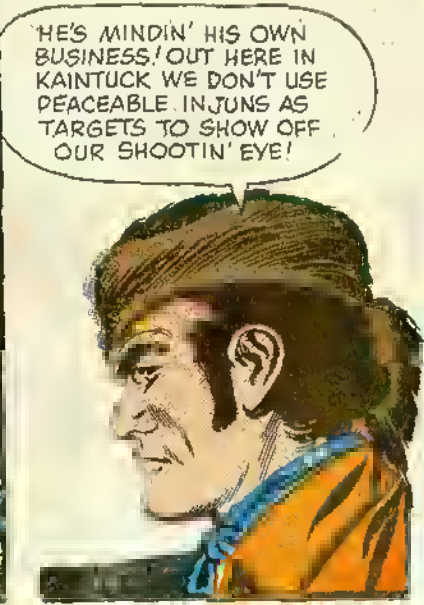


I'LL GO!...THE ONLY THING ERNEST HAS A GOOD EYE FOR IS TO PLOW A STRAIGHT FURROW!



AND SO-LATER, IN THE WILDERNESS....

YE'RE A GOOD MARKSMAN, WILLIAM TEMPLER!...AN HONEST MAN COULDN'T SAY OTHERWISE!



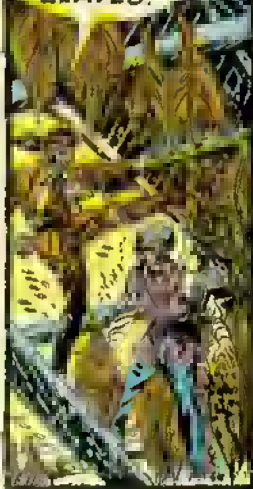
I'LL GET THEM BOTH!
THE OLD MAN WILL
HAVE NO CHOICE, BUT
TO LEAVE EVERYTHING
TO ME!



LOOKS LIKE YE'VE
GOT US DEAD-TO-
RIGHTS... WHAT
WITH US HAVIN'
NOTHIN' UP HERE
TO FIGHT BACK
WITH-

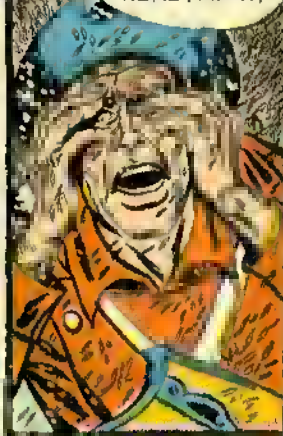


- EXCEPT THESE
DRIED-OUT
TOBACCO
LEAVES!



I
CAN'T
SEE...

IT WON'T
HURT YOU!
BUT I DON'T
WANT TO SEE
YOU AROUND
HERE AGAIN!



THE CHANCES
ARE THAT
WILLIAM
TEMPLER
WOULD HAVE
LEFT THE
FRONTIER
THERE AND
THEN - IF
CY HAWK
HADN'T
BEEN
WAITING
FOR HIM
IN THE
FOREST...!



BOONE'LL BE ON HIS GUARD NOW...
THIS'LL TAKE SOME DEEP THINKIN'!
BUT IF YE PROMISE TO SHARE
THAT LEGACY WITH ME, I'LL SEE
TO IT THAT YOUR STEP-BROTHER'S
PUT OUT OF THE
WAY FOR GOOD!

I-I
PROMISE!

A WEEK LATER-

WHERE ARE YE
HEADED FOR
ERNEST?

I JUST GOT THIS LETTER
FROM VIRGINIA-MY
FATHER'S DEATHLY ILL!...
HERE-GIVE IT TO MR.
BOONE WHEN HE COMES
BACK!



HERE COMES YOUR STEP-BROTHER,
SUCKED FROM THE SETTLEMENT BY
THE LETTER WE SENT!... GET READY
TO JUMP HIM!



WILLIAM!

WE WON'T HARM YE! WE AIM
TO TURN YE OVER TO A CHEROKEE
WAR PARTY IN EXCHANGE FOR
FUTURE FAVORS! THEY'LL DO ALL
THE HARMIN'...!



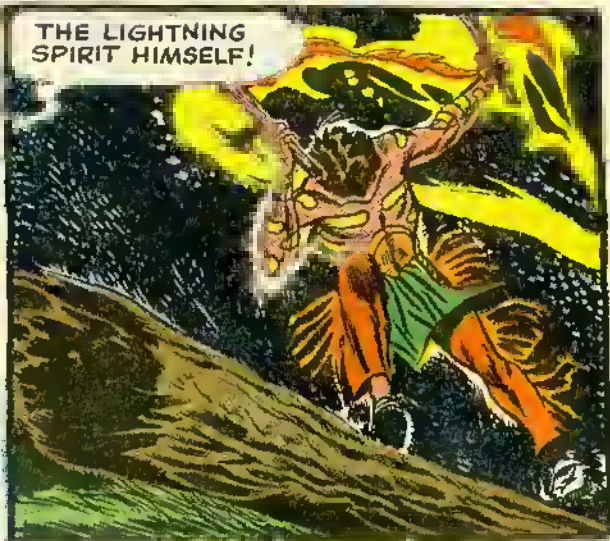


THE SPIRIT'S ANGRY
BECAUSE YE'VE WAITED
SO LONG—

L-LOOK!



THE LIGHTNING
SPIRIT HIMSELF!



THEY'RE RUNNING OFF!... AND WHATEVER
IT IS, IS COMING RIGHT FOR ME!



DAN'L
BOONE!

NOBODY ELSE!... NO TIME TO
TALK NOW— WE HAVE TO
CLEAR OUT OF HERE FAST!



COULDN'T HAVE HANDLED
THE PASSEL OF 'EM... SO I
STRIPPED AND USED SOME
BORROWED WAR PAINT,
TORCHES, AND THAT
KNOCKED-DOWN
TREE TO SCARE
'EM OFF!

BUT
HOW DID
YOU KNOW
TO COME
AFTER ME?



SOON AS I GOT THE FIRST
LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER,
I WROTE BACK THAT HIS
NOTION WAS A FOOL ONE! HE
ANSWERED THAT AFTER
THINKIN' IT OVER, HE AGREED
... AND HE WAS **ALREADY**
ON HIS WAY OUT HERE TO
DO THE JUDGIN' HIMSELF!
SO THAT LETTER YE GOT

FROM
VIRGINIA
HAD TO
BE
FALSE!



THERE WON'T BE ANY JUDGIN'
LEFT FOR OLD AMOS TO DO NOW
— FOR WHEN THOSE CHEROKEES
FIND THAT YE'VE BEEN RESCUED
BY THE "LIGHTNIN' SPIRIT," THEY'LL
BE SURE YOUR STEP-BROTHER
AND HAWK ARE THE **EVIL ONES**
WALKIN' AMONG 'EM! AND
KNOWIN' INJUNS AS I DO...
WE WON'T BE HEARIN' FROM
THOSE TWO EVER AGAIN!



The End

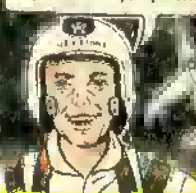
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Mine went
over 500 feet
high!

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Race!

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a Super Jet
Rocket for
Christmas

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PARK Super Jet Rocket
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\$2.98 per set plus C.O.D.
and postage. If I am not
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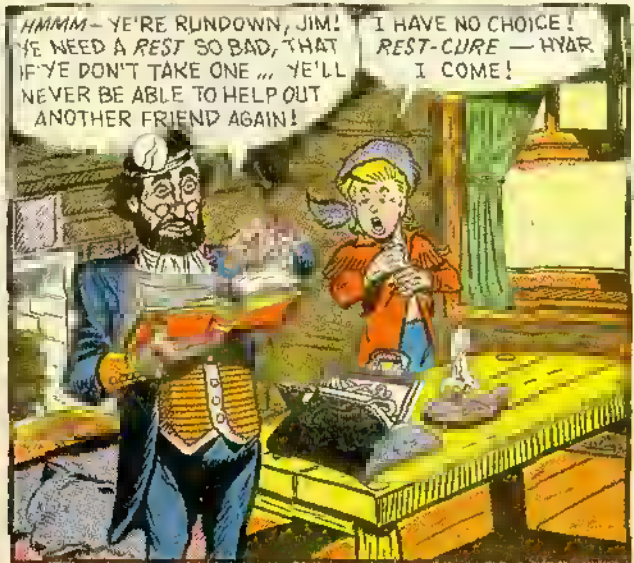
JOLLY JIM DANDY

YES SIREE, FOLKS - BEAVERS ARE BUSY CRITTERS! BUT WHEN IT COMES TO INJUN RUCKUSING, HELPING FRIENDS OUT WITH CHORES, AND MAKING THEM LAUGH, **JOLLY JIM DANDY** IS...

THE BUSIEST BEAVER!

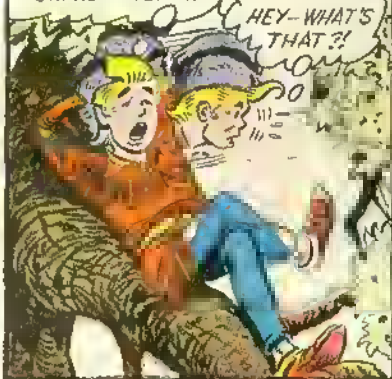


ONE BALMY SPRING DAY -



AND SO, A WEEK LATER, DEEP IN THE FOREST —

JUST WOKE UP FROM MY 142ND NAP SINCE I STARTED THE REST-CURE, AND I STILL FEEL LOWER THAN A SNAKE'S TUMMY



I'LL DO MY PART INSIDE THE SETTLEMENT TONIGHT!



YOU MAKE SURE THE RAID COMES OFF FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN'!

A MASKED RENEGADE PLANNIN' A RAID... LUCKY I'VE HAD FRONTIER-TRAININ' ON LYIN' STILL! OTHERWISE THEY'D SPOT ME UP HYAR FOR SURE!



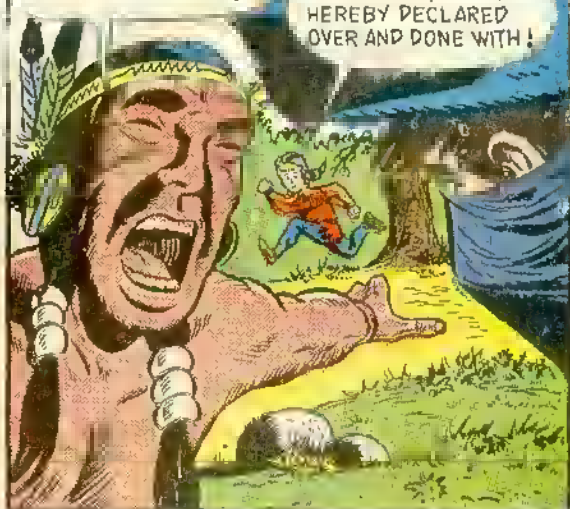
UH-OH! I'M TOO STILL! THAT NEST-BUILDIN' BIRD THINKS I'M JUST ANOTHER BRANCH AND... AND... AH... AH...

AHH-CHOOO!!



A PALEFACE SPY!

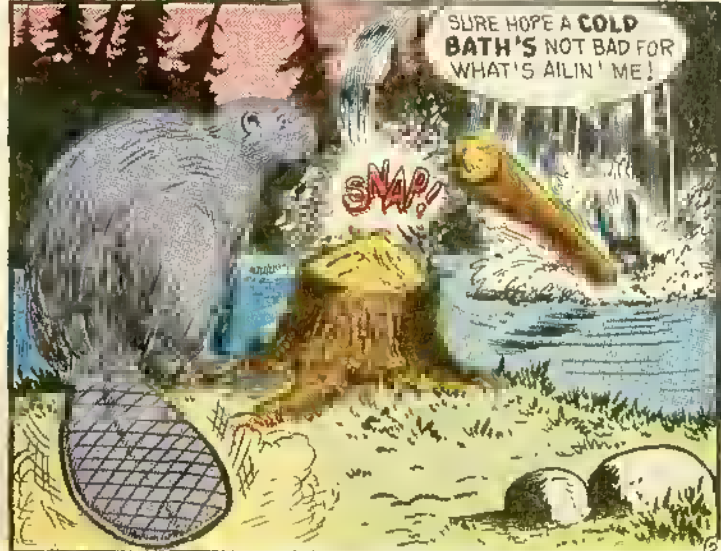
REST-CURE, YE'RE HEREBY DECLARED OVER AND DONE WITH!



A MAN'S BETTER OFF BEIN' WORN DOWN BY WEARINESS THAN BY INJUNS!



SURE HOPE A COLD BATH'S NOT BAD FOR WHAT'S AILIN' ME!



THE TREE THE VINE WAS HANGIN'
FROM HAD BEEN CHAWED-
THROUGH BY THOSE BEAVERS!

NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS
WAIT FOR PALEFACE SPY
TO COME UP FOR AIR!



AT THAT MOMENT-

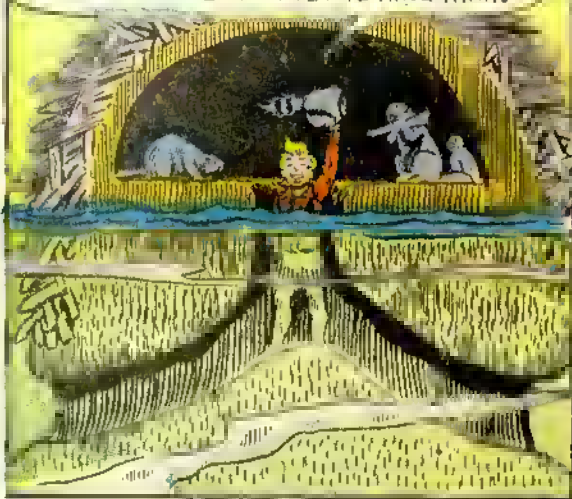
SOMETHIN' TELLS ME I'M
BETTER OFF STAYIN' WET
FOR A SPELL! HMMM-THE
STREAMS BEEN DAMMED UP
BY BEAVERS!



AND THAT MUST BE THE DOOR
TO THE FURRY FOLKS' LODGE!



HOWDY, FRIENDS - JOLLY JIM DUNDY'S MY NAME!
RIGHT SNUG LITTLE HIDEOUT YE HAVE HYAR!



PALEFACE NEVER CAME UP FOR
AIR - HE DROWNED FOR SURE!

GOOD! ... NOW
REMEMBER -
YOU MUST RAID
FIRST THING IN
THE MORNIN'!
OTHERWISE MY
WORK INSIDE THE
SETTLEMENT
TONIGHT WILL BE
WASTED...!



LATER -

THERE'S GOIN' TO BE AN
INJUN RAID TOMORROW!
A RENEGADE'S BEEN WORKIN'
WITH 'EM! AND HE'S -

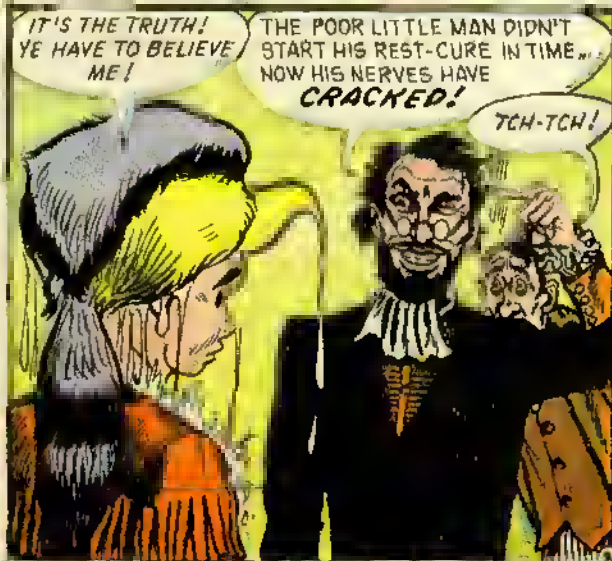
JIM! YE'RE
FEVERISH!



IT'S THE TRUTH!
YE HAVE TO BELIEVE
ME!

THE POOR LITTLE MAN DIDN'T
START HIS REST-CURE IN TIME...
NOW HIS NERVES HAVE
CRACKED!

TCH-TCH!

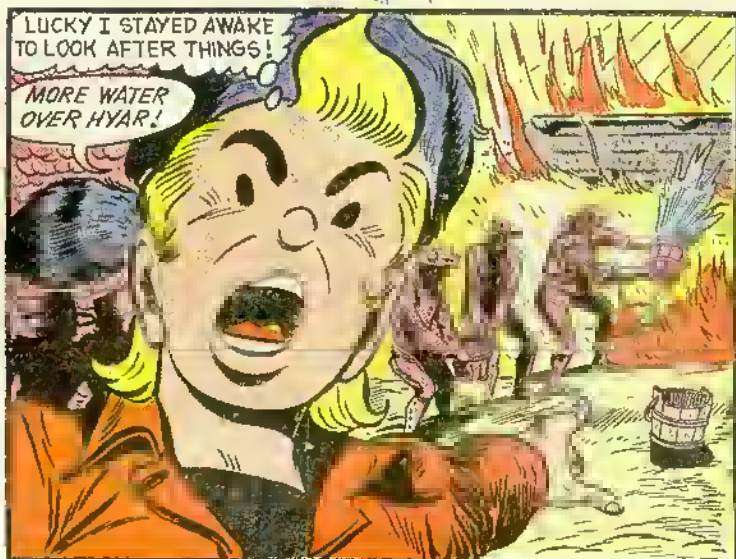


SO NOBODY PAYS HEED TO JOLLY JIM DANDY! AND THAT NIGHT, INSIDE THE SETTLEMENT—



LUCKY I STAYED AWAKE TO LOOK AFTER THINGS!

MORE WATER OVER HYAR!



MEANWHILE—

THEY'RE SO BUSY PUTTING OUT THAT FIRE THEY WON'T NOTICE ME REPLACING THEIR GUNPOWDER WITH SAND!



AND NOW I'LL DUMP THE REAL GUNPOWDER INTO THE WATER!



BUT JOLLY JIM DANDY, EVER ALERT TO DANGER, HAS CLIMBED THE PARAPET FOR A QUICK LOOK-SEE!—AND—



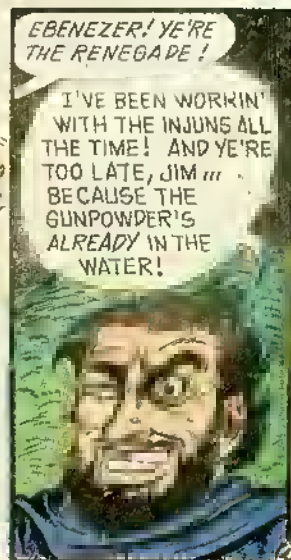
GOT YE!

HEY!



EBENEZER! YE'RE THE RENEGADE!

I'VE BEEN WORKIN' WITH THE INJUNS ALL THE TIME! AND YE'RE TOO LATE, JIM!!! BECAUSE THE GUNPOWDER'S ALREADY IN THE WATER!



WHAT'LL WE DO?
THERE'S NO CHANCE
OF GETTIN' HELP
FROM ANOTHER
SETTLEMENT BY
TOMORROW!

WE SHOULD'VE
PAID HEED TO
JIM. WE SURE
SHOULD HAVE!



WE'RE NOT LICKED YET,
FRIENDS! I JUST
RECALLED SOMETHIN'
I SAW DURIN' MY
LAST BATH!

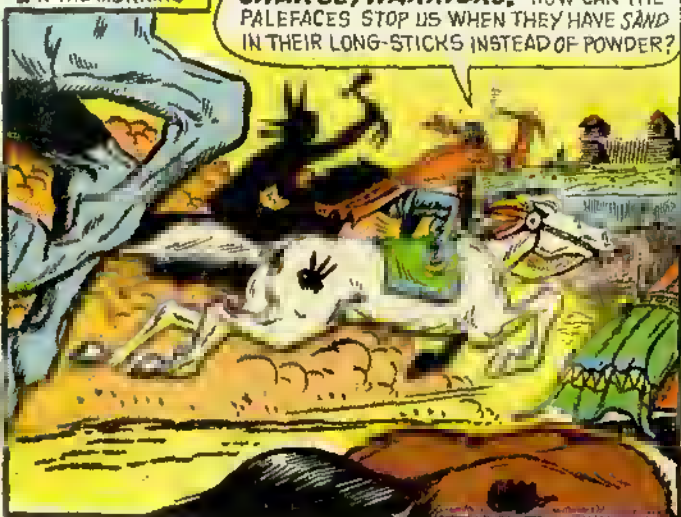


SO JOLLY JIM DANDY TAKES OUT A WORM
PARTY! AND ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
THOSE FRONTIERSMEN WORK LIKE BEAVERS!



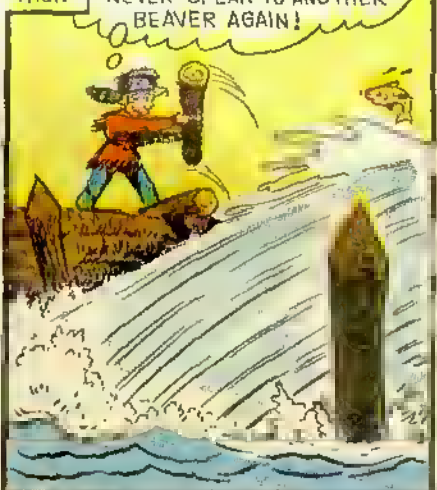
IN THE MORNING—

CHARGE, WARRIORS! HOW CAN THE
PALEFACES STOP US WHEN THEY HAVE SAND
IN THEIR LONG-STICKS INSTEAD OF POWDER?



JUST
THEN—

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, I'LL
NEVER SPEAK TO ANOTHER
BEAVER AGAIN!



YIPPEEE! JIM'S PLAN WORKED! THE WATER FROM
THE STREAM HE HAD US **DAM UP** LAST NIGHT HAS
WASHED OUT THE RAID!



OHhhh—WHEN JOLLY JIM DANDY WAS AILIN',
EBENEZER ADVISED HIM TO REST!
BUT HELPING HIS FRIENDS, CURED THE LITTLE
MAN'S ILLS—
NOW HE NOT ONLY BETTER ... HE'S BEST!



THE
END

THE REAL RENEGADE

NIGHT covered the wilderness like a thick black blanket. In the distance, beasts of the forest made stealthy sounds, moving through the dark in search of water or new lairs . . . and a far-off screech owl hooted.

But in this sector of the forest there were no animal sounds—only the sobbing of the wind through tree branches—for those with four legs always avoided places where man-scent was strong. Man-scent spelled danger for them—the thunderous crack of the rifle or the deadly thunk of the whizzing arrow.

The men were hiding. Scrunched down in the underbrush, they were keeping watch on a camp site. Grim lines creased their faces, and their hands never wandered from the triggers of their long rifles.

They were Jim Kirby and young Tad Jones, who had come deep into the forest on the trail of a renegade. They had found his camp site . . . and now they were waiting for him to return.

"What's taking him so long?" Tad whispered hoarsely. "And how come we're waiting instead of going after him?"

Kirby frowned at his young friend's impatience. "Cool down, boy," he said. "If we don't wait quiet-like, Morgan will be warned off when he does get back."

Tad flushed. His hands knotted into fists. *Cool down*, he thought bitterly. *What call was there to cool down?* . . . There was no need that he could see to bottle up anger that was aimed at a man low enough to sell out his own people to the Indians! Kirby must be made of ice to remain cool at a time like this—

"Shhhh!"

A twig had cracked in the distance.

Tad raised himself to one knee, straining forward. Now they could hear somebody stumbling through the forest. The sounds kept coming closer, Tad felt Kirby's hand on his shoulder, but he was too tense to heed the hand's warning.

The split-second the shadowy figure could be seen coming towards them, Tad uncoiled like a spring. He lurched forward with levelled rifle, anger flaring inside him . . . only to feel himself tripping over what must have been a root in the dark, and falling with a crash that echoed through the forest for miles.

Tad lay there, breathless and stunned, fighting to hold back his tears. For he knew the crash of the fall had warned off the renegade. Sure, Kirby had moved out after him. But Morgan was alerted now whereas before he had not known they were so close. There was no telling what would happen once he was cornered with his back to the wall—no telling what wild desperate act he might chance to avoid capture!

Tad groaned. If only he hadn't lost his fool

head, Morgan would have been their prisoner by now, all trussed and ready to be toted back to the vengeful settlers. Then, thinking of the settlers and their reason for anger, Tad found himself recalling the series of events that had brought him and Kirby to the forest tonight. . . .

Just yesterday morning, while tramping through the wilderness, he and Kirby had spotted these Cherokee warriors. Kirby had said softly, "Hmmm—didn't know Cherokees to be hereabouts."

"They're wearing war paint!" Tad had whispered. "It's a war party!"

"Hmmm—and they're headed right for the settlement. Reckon we'll have to give warnin'."

Just then one of the Cherokees spotted them—and cried out warningly to his tribesmen. A split-second later, the air was bristling with arrows and spears, but Kirby and Tad had already melted back into the shadows of the forest. The Cherokees gave chase, padding after them—and only their speed and skill at blinding trail saved them.

Later, they were hidden in a cave up on a hill, well beyond their pursuers' reach, when they saw the Cherokees filing disgustedly towards the West.

Tad frowned puzzledly. "When we first spotted them, they were moving towards the settlement," he said. "Why should they be moving away from it now?"

"Reckon they were bent on a surprise raid," Kirby answered grimly. "Since we got away, they know we'll be warnin' the settlers. That spoils the surprise—so they've called the whole ruckus off. . . ."

The next morning when Kirby and Tad arrived at the settlement with news of their encounter with the Cherokees, they learned how much of a surprise the raid would have been! The settlers' faces turned cold and angry at the news—and the angriest of them all was Bart Wilcox, a burly redheaded man.

"WHAT? CHEROKEES HEREABOUTS?!" Wilcox cried gruffly. "Then how come Fred Morgan just swore up and down that there wasn't a sign of 'em?!"

"That's right," another settler grumbled. "We sent Morgan out scoutin' for 'em—and he came back just a few hours ago, sayin' we had nothin' to fear."

Wilcox raised his big hands, motioning the settlers to silence. "This can mean only one thing, friends," he said sternly, "Morgan gave us a false report because he's workin' with the Injuns! Morgan's a RENEGADE!"

A sudden roar rose from the settlers. Led by Wilcox, they ran from cabin to cabin, searching for Morgan—but he had slipped

out through the gates even as Kirby and Ted had started describing their encounter with the war party.

And so Kirby and Tad, leaving the settlement manned by the men who knew its parapets best, in case the Cherokees decided to raid after all, went deep into the forest on the trail of the renegade.

They found his trail pitifully easy to follow. To Kirby and Tad's practiced eyes, it was as plain to read as the pages of an open book. If the man weren't a scurvy renegade, Tad would have felt sorry for how he kept stumbling ahead of them in fear-driven circles.

Then they had come to the camp site. . . .

Tad groaned again. He was still lying where he had fallen, and all the remembering had taken but a moment to flash through his mind. If only he hadn't lost his—

Suddenly Tad's face writhed in a grimace of shock. He had just heard voices nearby—not the outcries of men about to join in mortal combat, but Kirby's voice, calm and low as always . . . and another man's, shrill and keening with misery.

Tad inched forward, his rifle cradled over his arms, until at last he saw them. The other man was runty and weak-faced. Kirby was speaking soothingly, and the other man was wringing his hands.

"Ye were right to give up without a ruckus," Kirby was saying. "Now keep bein' right, Morgan—and tell me what made ye run off."

"I-I'm ashamed to," Morgan blubbered.

"Better to be ashamed than to be taken for a renegade. Folks hereabouts are right hard on renegades."

"I'll tell," Morgan said quickly. "I'll tell . . ." Now that he was confessing, he seemed relieved, and his words flowed smoothly, f'm new to the frontier—as unknowing in these forests as a panther would be on a city street. But I've always been the boastful sort—I never could skip a chance to make myself appear big in peoples' eyes. So when I arrived at the settlement, I told everybody I was a great frontiersman . . . an old hand at Indian scouting and fighting."

"And they took ye at your word?"

"Yes—I-I guess frontier people don't expect the first words out of a stranger's mouth to be baldfaced lies. . . . Anyway, when the time came for a scout to be sent out, it was only natural, after the way I'd blown myself up, that they should ask me to go. And I was a weak fool—I should have told them there and then that I wasn't the man for the job. But I was too ashamed. . . .

"But then, a few minutes before I was supposed to set out, I screwed up enough courage to tell one man the truth! I was willing for him to tell everybody the truth about me—I didn't want to endanger the whole settlement! But he said there was no need to expose myself! He said he knew for certain there were no Cherokees about—that all I had to do was go out a short distance, camp for a while, and then come back saying the

Cherokees had gone . . . and there was no chance of their raiding."

Kirby bunched his lips together distastefully. "So ye did as he told ye," Kirby said. "And right after, the Cherokees set out to raid. And when ye heard Tad and me tell of seein' 'em, ye knew how the settlers would feel about your false report. So ye panicked and ran off. Do ye know what this all adds up to? *The man who sent ye out was workin' with the Cherokees! Who was he, Morgan?*"

"I-I can't tell! I promised him I'd never tell!"

"Don't be a fool, Morgan—he's the **REAL RENEGADE!** Quick now—what's his name?"

"I'll be glad to tell ye my name!"

Both Kirby and Morgan swiveled startledly, for that last voice had come from behind them. And now Bart Wilcox stepped out of the shadows, his long rifle pointed squarely at Kirby.

"That's right—f'm the renegade," the burly redhead said boastfully. "I saw a chance for my Injun friends to mount a surprise raid when Morgan came snivelin' to me. But you spoiled that raid, Kirby . . . and this time I lit out after ye to see that ye never learned the truth from Morgan. Since I've come too late for that—now I have to see that ye don't live to spread what ye've heard!"

Wilcox's rifle was up to his shoulder now. He was squinting down the long barrel. . . .

KRAKK!

Tad had been hidden in the shadows too—and it was Tad's quick shot that had shattered the menace-filled silence! Tad missed—but his shot, coming so unexpectedly, was enough to cause Wilcox to fire wildly. And Kirby's hard fist slammed into his jaw and sent him crumpling down.

The real renegade was all trussed up now, ready to be toted back to the settlement . . . and Tad was glowing with pride.

"Guess that shot of mine more than made up for tripping over the root," he said to Kirby.

Kirby chuckled. "ft sure did," he said. Only that was no *root* ye tripped over, Tad. It was my *foot* . . . I tripped ye on purpose. Our bein' able to follow Morgan's trail so easy, set me to thinkin' somethin' was wrong about a man as unknowin' as Morgan havin' been chosen to scout out Injuns. Then—seein' how wrought up ye were against him, I had to make sure he'd be in proper shape to tell his tale once we caught him."

Kirby cuffed his young friend gently. "Don't fret, Tad," he said. "Ye had a lesson to learn . . . and ye learned it so that ye'll never forget it."

Tad scratched his head puzzledly. "Lesson? What lesson?"

"In this land of ours," Kirby answered gravely, "no matter how guilty a man seems to be in your eyes—he's innocent until his guilt has been proved for sure!"

THE END

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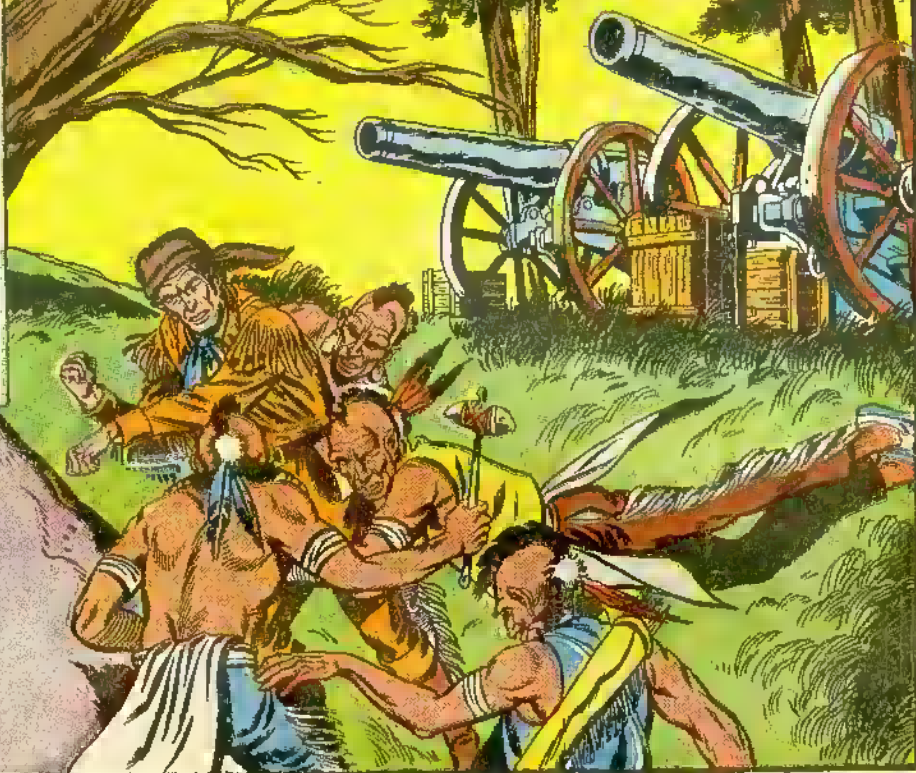
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Dan'l Boone

DAN'L BOONE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO FLING HIMSELF HEAD-LONG AT THE ENEMY! THE WHOLE FRONTIER WOULD GO UP IN SMOKE AND SPLINTERS IF HE FAILED TO STOP

"THE BIG GUNS"



THERE'S NOT ANOTHER MAN ON THE FRONTIER ABLE TO DO THIS, BOONE! BUT I'M SO *NEW* OUT HERE, I'M STILL A BABE IN THE WILDERNESS!

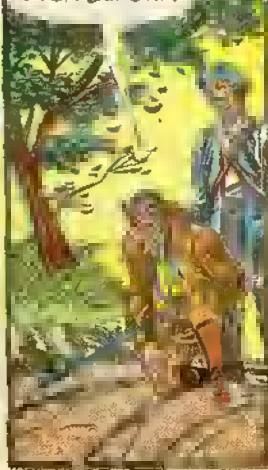
BUT YE'RE WILLIN' TO LEARN, JIM... THAT COUNTS A HEAP! OR ELSE, YE'D NEVER HAVE JOINED ME ON THIS LONG HUNT!

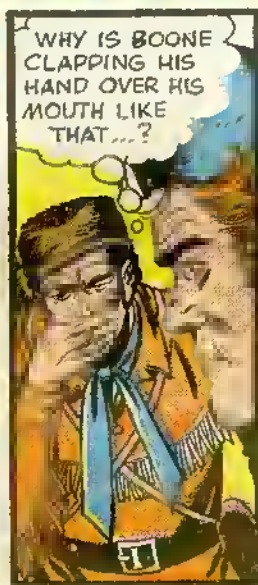
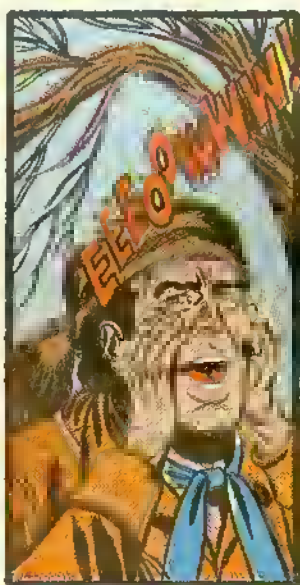


UH-OH-SOMETHIN' MADE DEEP RUTS PASSIN' THROUGH THE CLEARIN'! WHAT COULD HAVE LEFT THOSE TRACKS ALL THE WAY OUT HERE, BOONE!



IF I'M READIN' 'EM RIGHT, JIM-THE WHOLE FRONTIER'S IN WORSE DANGER THAN EVER BEFORE!





ARE WE
CLEAR
OF THEM
YET,
BOONE?

FROM THE LOOKS
OF ALL THAT
CAMPFIRE SMOKE
OVER YONDER, THE
FOREST IS
CRAWLIN' WITH
'EM!



LATER-

BUT WHY
MUST I
WAIT
HERE?

BECAUSE IF I DON'T
GET BACK FROM THIS
LOOK-SEE AT THEIR
CAMP, YOU'LL STILL
BE ALIVE TO WARN THE
SETTLERS ABOUT THOSE
TRACKS IN THE CLEARIN'!
STAY PUT, SETTLERS, AND
BEAR IN MIND THAT
YOUR JOB'S AS BIG AS
MINE, ONLY A MITE
DIFFERENT!



THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE
INDIAN ENCAMPMENT-

YOUR WORDS ARE STRONG ONES
- BUT OUR HEARTS ARE STILL
FILLED WITH SADNESS FOR THE
MANY WARRIORS WE LOST
WHEN WE LAST RAIDED THE
SETTLEMENTS!



TELL THE CHIEF WE DON'T BLAME HIM FOR
BEING CAUTIOUS. THEN TELL HIM TO COME
THIS WAY. WHAT WE HAVE TO SHOW HIM
WILL MAKE HIM SING A DIFFERENT TUNE!



HU! - EACH GUN IS BIGGER
THAN A HUNDRED LONG-
STICKS!

FIRE!



ASK THE CHIEF
HOW HE FEELS
NOW?



THERE'S OUR ANSWER, MEN!
THEY'VE STARTED THE
WAR DANCE!!



I WAS HOPIN' TO BE WRONG - BUT THOSE BIG GUNS ARE JUST WHAT I FEARED HAD MADE THOSE TRACKS IN THE CLEARIN'!



HMMM - THERE'S A HEAP OF ROUGH COUNTRY BETWEEN HERE AND THE SETTLEMENTS. CHANCES ARE THEY'LL BE TRYIN' TO MOVE THE BIG GUNS DOWN THE RIVER...



THAT NIGHT, DOWN AT THE RIVER --

JIM'LL HAVE TO WAIT A MITE LONGER - I'LL HAVE TO FIX THOSE BARGES SO NOBODY'LL EVER BE ABLE TO LOAD BIG GUNS ONTO 'EM!



LUCKY THIS ONE'S A SOUND SLEEPER - FOR I NEED HIS POWDER HORN RIGHT BAD!



WATER'S FREEZIN' ... BUT IT'LL BE STEAMIN' BEFORE LONG!



I'LL GET TO THOSE BARGES IF MY LUCK HOLDS OUT...



... AND THE FUSE DOESN'T HIT THE POWDER TOO SOON!



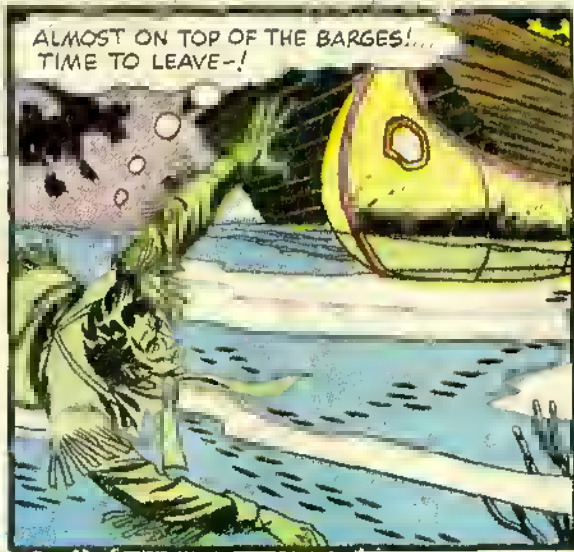
A CANOE MOVING AGAINST THE CURRENT!

WAKE UP EVERYBODY... WAKE UP!





UH-OH-SUDDEN-LIKE IT'S
RAININ' SPEARS AND
ARROWS!



ALMOST ON TOP OF THE BARGES!...
TIME TO LEAVE-!



NO SOUND OVERHEAD!...SURE
HOPE THE FUSE DIDN'T FIZZLE
OUT AT THE LAST MINUTE!



LATER- AND WHILE THE
BARGES WERE
GOING SKY-HIGH, I WAS
BACK HERE, TWIDDLING
MY THUMBS! HMPF-
GUESS YOU WERE WISE TO
GO ALONE... I'D HAVE
ONLY BEEN IN THE WAY!



JIM- OUR JOB'S NOT
FINISHED YET! THEY'LL
BE HAULIN' THE BIG
GUNS OVERLAND
NOW... AND WE STILL
HAVE TO STOP
'EM!



WELL, WHAT'RE WE
WAITING FOR,
BOONE?

AND SO THEY
RAN THROUGH
THE WILDERNESS,
THINKING ONLY
OF THE DANGER
TO KENTUCKY!
AND THAT'S HOW
SOME OF 'EM DON'T
SPOT THE WOLF
PACK PADDING
STEALTHILY
AFTER THEM..

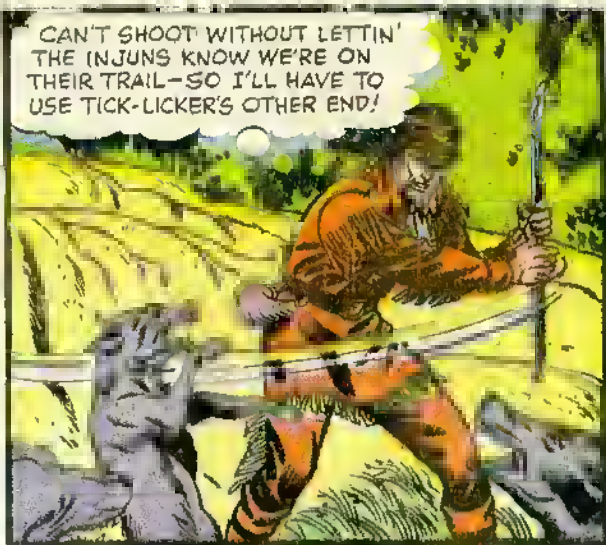


BOONE, I'VE
TRIPPED! I'VE...

WOLVES!



CAN'T SHOOT WITHOUT LETTIN'
THE INJUNS KNOW WE'RE ON
THEIR TRAIL—SO I'LL HAVE TO
USE TICK-LICKER'S OTHER END!



WE
DROVE
'EM OFF,
JIM!

BUT I'M WOUNDED
... I CAN'T MOVE...
YOU'LL HAVE TO
GO ON WITHOUT
ME!



AND LEAVE
YE HELPLESS
IN THE
WILDERNESS?
WHAT DO
YE TAKE
ME FOR?

YOU HAVE NO
CHOICE! WHAT'S
MY ONE LIFE
AGAINST ALL
THOSE LIVES IN
THE SETTLEMENTS
AND THE CANNON
FIRE SETTIN'
CLOSER TO THEM
EVERY MINUTE!



STOP ARGUEFYIN', JIM—I'M NOT
LEAVIN'. THERE'S A PASSEL OF
SWIFT RUNNIN' STREAMS
THAT'LL HOLD UP THE BIG GUNS
LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET
YE IN GOOD SHAPE AGAIN...!



BUT AFTER A FULL WEEK HAD PASSED—

WE HAVE ENOUGH FIRE-POWER TO CRASH YOUR
WALL DOWN WITH A SINGLE BARRAGE! WILL YOU
SURRENDER...OR MUST I GIVE MY GUN CREWS
THEIR ORDERS?



OUR ANSWER'S NO!
WE'LL FIGHT TO
THE LAST MAN!

VERY WELL! GUN
CREWS— FIRE FOR
RANGE...!



SEE-THERE
WASN'T ENOUGH
TIME TO HEAL
ME AND STOP
THE CANNON!

I'M NOT
A-MOURNIN' YET!
NOW LISTEN
CLOSE, JIM-THIS-
HERE'S MY PLAN...



WE HAVE THE
SETTLEMENT
BRACKETED,
SIR!

GOOD-NOW FIRE
FOR EFFECT!



JUST THEN-



WHAT SHOOTIN'!
NOBODY ELSE
BUT DAN'L
BOONE
COULD'VE
SQUEEZED
THAT
TRIGGER!

BUT WHAT'S
HE DOIN' NOW?
WHY IS HE
SHOWIN' HIMSELF
RIGHT OUT IN THE
OPEN?!



DIRT-EATERS! WHERE ARE YOUR SQUAWS
SO YE CAN HIDE BEHIND THEIR SKIRTS?!
WHY DON'T YE COME AFTER ME?
I'LL TAKE ON THE LOT OF YE!



THEY'RE RUNNING ACROSS OUR
LINE OF FIRE! TELL THE CHIEF
TO STOP THEM!

BOONE IS AS POWERFUL
AS YOUR BIG GUNS- HE
MUST BE DEALT WITH FIRST!



BOONE'S DRAWN
MOST OF THEM
OFF! NOW IF I
CAN ONLY GET
TO THAT POWDER
WAGON WITHOUT
BEING-

HEY?!



COULDN'T CREEP UP WITHOUT
BEING SPOTTED AS BOONE...
COULD HAVE DONE - SO
LOOKS LIKE...



... I'LL HAVE TO
DEPEND ON MY
STRENGTH!



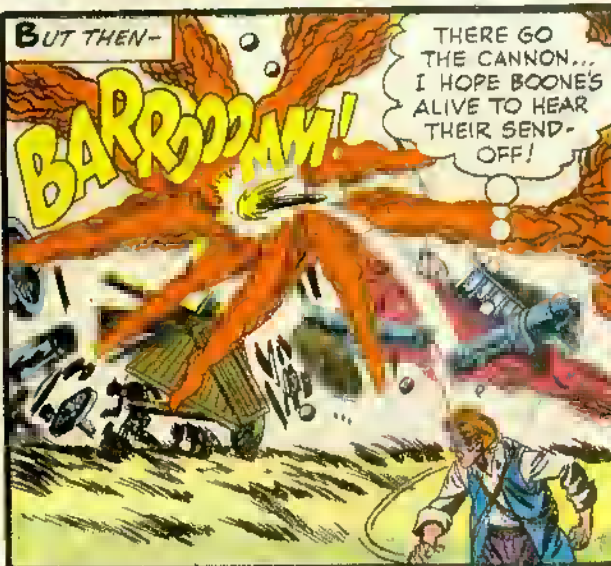
NO TIME TO LOOK
FOR A CROWBAR!...
MY FIST'LL HAVE
TO DO!



MEANWHILE- YOU ARE TRAPPED,
BOONE!... NEVER AGAIN
WILL WE HAVE TO SHUDDER
WHEN WE HEAR YOUR NAME!



BUT THEN-



THERE GO
THE CANNON...
I HOPE BOONE'S
ALIVE TO HEAR
THEIR SEND-
OFF!

LATER- YE HAD NO NEED
TO WORRY, JIM!
THOSE INJUNS WERE
SO SCARED BY THE
EXPLOSION...
CHANCES ARE
THEY'RE STILL
RUNNIN'!



BOONE, MAY
I JOIN YOU ON
YOUR NEXT
HUNT? I'M STILL
ACHING TO LEARN
ALL I CAN FROM YOU!

I'LL BE RIGHT GLAD TO HAVE AT MY SIDE ALL
THE POWER YE PACK, JIM. AND YE'LL LEARN,
ALL RIGHT. YE'RE WILLIN'... THAT COUNTS
A HEAP!



The
End

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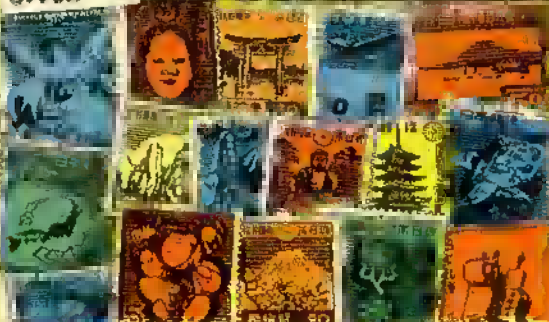
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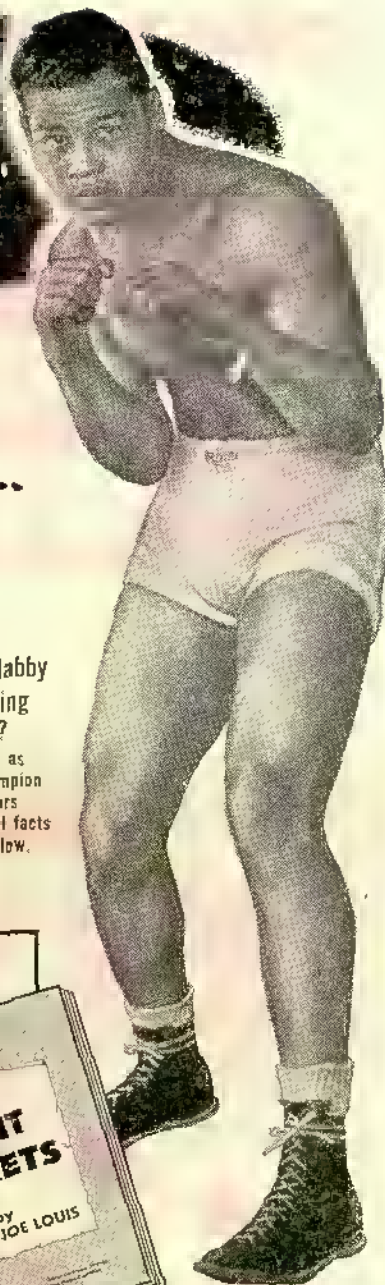
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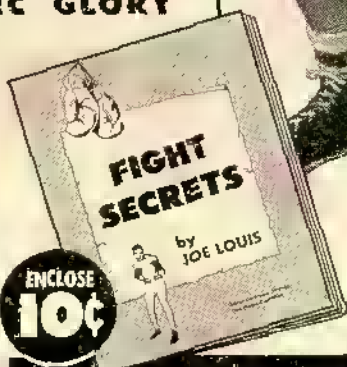
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